Agricultural.

T. H. HOSKINS, Newport, Vt., Editor.

UNDER THE APPLE TREE.

Shake, shake the branches!
Make the beauties drop!
Pity 'tis the reddest ones
Are always at the top!
Oh, what a merry chime!
(Sing all together!)
Trip in time and ring a rhyme,
In the autumn weather.

Shake, shake the branches!
Gather every one,
Rosy-golden rogues they are,
Ripening in the sun!
Tommy holds his apron white,
(Sing all together!)
Fire bright will roast 'em right,
In the autumn weather.

Shake, shake the branches!
Down, down they fall;
We're to have a bun apiece
If we gather all.
Now we're marching home again
(Sing all together!)
Let the rain fall amain—
We'll not mind the weather!

Silver Dollars.

Though farmers are sometimes advised by conceited gentlemen with college degrees to confine their thoughts to "Durham cattle and Rohan potatoes," and are supposed to be incapable by nature of knowing anything about matters outside of the plainest kind of farming, yet there is no class of people who are more deeply interested in great questions of politics and finance than the wealth-producers of the world. While it is not to be supposed that the farmer has the last word that can be uttered on such subjects, he certainly has a right equal to that of any other citizen to examine them and to have an opinion about them—a right which must be suppressed otherwise than by sneers, if at all.

The fundamental public question, after the establishment of national independence, is, in any civilized country, the question of the currency,—the question of the standard of value and the medium of exchange. No business can be safely done till this is settled, and settled right. Yet it is not a simple question, and few among the ablest men who have made it a study fully agree upon all its details, or even upon all its principles. There is a great deal of dogmatism going in regard to it, but its greatest and ablest students dogmatize the least. It is the tyro in financial science who knows all about it, and regards every one who does not think with him as a fool.

England, the great financial nation, demonetized silver. England also established free trade. There are those who think England is always right. There are others who think England is always "smart." The first only require to know what England has done in order to know what ought to be done. The last only require to know what England has done in order to know what England (or rather the rich men of England) think it for their interest that England should do. England is dogmatic, and an Anglo-maniac (on whatever subject) cannot think himself what he would be, unless he also dogmatizes—even though he does it feebly.

Very varied and wonderful have been the experiments in finance from which our present knowledge regarding it has been derived. One thing at least experience has well settled for the present; buyers and sellers will not accept anything as money which is not gold or silver, or notes promptly exchangeable at their nominal value for gold or silver. That is, all money must be of, or fully represent, these money metals, which have been recognized as such almost from the beginnings of commerce. Nothing can be money that is not generally accepted, and all attempts at a "scientific currency" other than that must necessarily fail. If we are ever to have anything else, the whole commercial world must first be educated up to it. Until then, such a currency is only a matter of theoretical interest; and although it may be plain enough that, if gold and silver should become as plenty as lead and iron, some substitute must be found to take their place as money, we shall probably see no such change before the occurrence of that event.

Until the present century the rightful position of silver as a money metal has never been questioned. Previous to that monometallic theorists have attacked gold, which indeed was universally regarded as secondary to silver. But England, as the great commercial nation, discovered, early in the present century, that the control of the gold of the world greatly aided her in controlling commerce, and added to her profits. So, as a commercial matter, she demonetized silver. She, the great creditor nation, refused to receive silver as anything but merchandise at the price quoted at her own exchange. No doubt this has been profitable to England, in her peculiar situation as mainly a commercial and manufacturing country, handling most of the movable wealth of the world. Gold is more cheaply handled, coined, transported and stored, and much more easily monopolized. The ownership of it is easily made an instrument of profit.

But England is governed in the interest of a small class of her people. It is a nation of millionaires and paupers. It does not follow that what is best for such a governing class, controlling a nation, is best for a republic like ours, where the interests of all the people are to be consulted. If England could have her way, she would impoverish not only her own laboring classes, but all other nations; as she has indeed impoverished those entirely under her control, Ireland and India, and crippled those more or less commercially enchained by her, as Portugal, Spain and her own colonies. In her weak days America protected herself against England's commercial aggression by her tariffs and her bi-metallic currency. But as soon as America began to have a strong class of capitalists like those of England, they desired to follow in the same track, and gain power over the people, and in time over other nations, by the self-same method,—the demonetizing of everything but gold, because gold can be monopolized.

With this end in view, silver was quietly demonetized; but the people, awake to their own interests, reversed this action, and in spite of all the ridicule and all the prognostications of evil that could be imagined, the American people have continued to insist that silver should be coined, and remain lawful money.

It is now five years since the monthly coinage of $2,000,000 of silver was begun. What evil has resulted? No one is able to tell. There has certainly been no inflation of the currency. On the contrary, all the gold and silver that has been mined and imported has not over-supplied the demand for money in this rapidly growing Nation. This is shown by the fact that prices, instead of advancing, as they always do when there is inflation, have declined, showing that there is no excess of money whatever. And this fact shows, too, what farmers are greatly interested to know, that had not the sum of $150,000,000 of silver dollars been added to the specie basis of the country, money would have been "tight," and prices of all sorts of produce would have greatly declined in consequence. It is true that a considerable part of this silver remains in the treasury, but it is nearly all represented by paper in the form of silver certificates, and forms, with the gold reserve, a substantial part of the specie basis of our currency.

Germany, striving to dominate interior Europe financially, in imitation of England, demonetized silver after the victory over France, and threw upon the market some $200,000,000 of silver as merchandise. This had depressed the mercantile value of silver bullion, and the depression will continue until that large sum is distributed over the world. It has given our government an opportunity to buy silver cheap with which to make silver dollars. The weight of the dollar was not changed, because this depression is not believed to be permanent. Meantime, the government receives these dollars for all debts due to it, and makes them a legal tender for all private debts. This keeps the silver dollar as money on a perfect equality with gold, the credit of the government being behind the temporary difference between the coin value and the bullion value. The moneyed interest of the country is unfriendly to silver, but it has not been able to depreciate the silver dollar a single mill. The silly charge which is continually reiterated that the people are defrauded of the difference between the coin value and the bullion value of our dollars deceives no one, and every one willingly takes them. The government guarantees the difference. It does so without loss now, and with eventual profit when the metal regains its original value. Meantime, as long as the people willingly rely upon the government for the entire value of our paper money they are not likely to be alarmed about the slight bullion deficiency of the silver coin.

In the last *North American Review* (October) there is an article upon this subject by the republican senator, N. P. Hill of Colorado, that is well worth reading. We have made no use of Mr. Hill's paper, but subjoin one extract which fully supports our view that only creditors and creditor nations desire the demonetization of silver, because by thus reducing the quantity of money in the world, they are able to get more from the debtor class than is equitable and just.

"All the conditions have changed since the commencement of the agitation for a single metallic standard. There was then a greater production of gold, and a very much less consumption for other than monetary purposes, and it is not strange that many persons honestly believed that the steadiness of prices could be best secured by confining the functions of money to gold alone. But it is difficult to understand how it can now be believed, under the complete change of circumstances, that a perseverance in that policy can have any other result than a prostration in the prices of every species of property and in the wages of labor, and the serious injury of all indebted persons, classes and nations.

"The conditions, it must be admitted, are modified where creditors and debtors do not live in the same country. The London *Economist* of April 21, 1883, closes its comments upon Mr Goschen's address by saying: 'There is some consolation to us in the fact to which he directs special attention: that any increase in the purchasing power of gold is a benefit to creditors. Nearly every nation on the face of the earth is indebted to us, and the result of an appreciation of gold is, that we obtain a larger quantity of their commodities in settlement of our claims.'

"This view of the *Economist* is one of the explanations of the support given to gold mono-metallism by classes which are powerful and, perhaps, dominant in some other countries of western Europe besides Great Britain. It shows how idle the suggestion is, that we can force the English and similarly situated nations into bi-metallism by a gain demonetizing silver ourselves, and thereby precipitating a still further decline in prices. Such a decline is precisely the object which, as international creditors, they desire. We know by an experience too fresh to be forgotten, that when the depression of 1878-9 was at its worst, the adherence of the governing classes in England and Germany to a gold standard only became more determined and aggressive.

"It is not by co-operating with them, but by resisting and defeating their scheme of dislodging silver from its immemorial place as one of the money metals of the world that we shall compel them to abandon it. The present and prospective position of the United States is so strong, and silver is now the favorite currency of so large a part of mankind, that gold cannot be made the exclusive money of the world without our consent. In 1890 we shall have more population and more wealth than Great Britain and Germany combined. We have only to remain firm in our present position. Europeans are too dependent upon foreign trade, and have too much fear of the United States, as a rival, to persevere in a gold policy which would tend to isolate them, if we refused to join them in it."

BOTANY teaches us that fruits are but modified leaves. A plant is thus like human society. There are hundreds of leaves to one of fruit, yet the former are as needful as the latter. Without leaves there could be no fruit; without the multitude of men there could be no heroes.

The Fireside.

For the Vermont Watchman.

TRUE LOVE.

BY MISS ELIZABETH C. UDALL, QUECHEE, VT.

I think true love is never blind
But rather brings an added light;
An inner vision quick to find
The beauties hid from common sight.

No soul can ever clearly see
Another's highest, noblest part,
Save through the sweet philosophy
And loving wisdom of the heart.

Your unanointed eyes shall fail
On her who fills my soul with light;
You do not see my friend at all,
You see what hides her from your sight.

I see the feet that fain would climb,
You but the steps that turn astray;
I see the soul unharmed, sublime,
You but the garment and the clay.

You see a mortal, weak, misled,
Dwarfed ever by the earthly clod;
I see how girlhood, perfected,
May reach the stature of a god.

Blinded I stood, as now you stand,
Till on mine eyes, with touches sweet,
Love, the deliverer, laid her hand,
And lo! I worship at her feet!

Slovenly Reading.

We must warn all men, old and young, against an evil thing which has been described as the "prevailing pestilence of slovenly reading." This pestilence has laid low many a one who began life with excellent prospects. It is ruinous both to mind and morals. It is apt even to injure a man's business habits, and prevent him from winning success in practical affairs. In time it will confound all his faculties. It will destroy his capacity for clear perception, for precise thought, and for proper reasoning. It will throw into confusion his judgment and his memory. If he does not get rid of it, he can never become a good writer, or do any literary work of any kind worth looking at. How many slovenly readers are to be found in these times. They will, in their slovenly fashion, read a newspaper article, perhaps a very excellent one, and when they have got to the end of it, or, as they say, when they have "looked through it" or "glanced over it," you will find that they are unable to give any accurate account of its argument, or that they do not apprehend its fundamental points, or that they have lost one of its links, or that they have over looked an important illustration, or that they have failed to seize a word which is the very hinge of the writer's thought, or that they have wholly misunderstood the drift and purpose of the article which they have wasted their time in glancing over. These slovenly readers are an affliction to careful and correct writers. When such a writer sees how his reasoning and his language are distorted by them, his mind is apt to become ruffled, and every one knows how a ruffled mind unfits a man for the work of perspicacious composition. We are of the opinion that the prevailing pestilence of slovenly reading is largely due to the slovenly way in which children are taught to read at school. Teachers must be very careful about this thing; they must teach their scholars to read with precision and understanding, thinking of every word, getting the sense of each sentence and grasping the full meaning of any piece that may be before them.—*New York Sun.*

The Use of Diamonds.

All glory in these last days run to diamonds. Even fine dresses are but a background to diamonds. All splendor is now located on the fingers and in the ears. Even the intellect is dazed before the newly installed divinity of national magnificence. In such gatherings no more intellect is needed than enough to carry one to the best places of exhibition. Nobody talks in these dazed hours; people stalk about carrying their crystal glories. They do not think of the divine order, in which the jewels of the skies are set in orbits where to move divinely is music, to shine up to best ability is godlike. They do not fret and chafe over others shining. The stars do not grow spiteful to the moon, nor does the moon labor to eclipse the sun. By what strange cataclysm the heavenly order has been inverted. We are within bounds when we say that the diamonds would reach in measure a half bushel in the hotel on one of the dress parades. It would betray an unpardonable ignorance to think of these stones as being all from Golconda. Many of them are from the glass factories; some are picked up on sea-shores, and some taken from quartz rocks. The imitations are so perfect that even dealers or persons of a large experience are by the naked eye deceived. One of the best modes of detection is to make a comparison of the person and wardrobe and the bulk of the pendants to the ear. It is also said that they can be detected by the practiced tongue. The pure stone is transparent, and holding no heat from the rays of the sun, is cold, while imitations cannot be transparent and are warm. But while this test may be scientific one could hardly think of it in dress parade. There are glasses used of high magnifying power that reveal the fraud in the discs of light. But while there are impositions the majority are genuine, and are computations of the almost untold wealth of our country taken from its healthful industries and rolled in napkins for useless displays. This is the light in which the political economist must view it. Not only the enormous displays in numbers, but the prodigious size of these stones surprise even the ordinarily well posted scientist, who has failed to read of such proportions in books treating of precious stones. While these treasures represent a fragment of the wealth of this country it would be shallow to say that they all belong to the individuals wearing them. They are often hired for the occasion from brokers. If a man wants a ten thousand dollar set for his wife's use he deposits collateral to this amount and pays a premium. This is more sensible than owning them, when he can use his money to better advantage, besides escaping the dangers of robbers.—*Presbyterian.*

A Little Girl's Room.

As suggestive of what may be done, I cannot do better than describe a room recently fitted up for a city clergyman's little daughter by the ladies of his congregation as an expression of their regard. The walls were covered with paper in a pretty design of daisies and *bluets* (ragged sailors) upon a creamy latticed ground. The ceiling was painted sky blue, with dome effect given by deepening the colors toward the edges. Two or three feathery clouds heightened the illusion, and a flight of three or four swallows swept across the skyey surface toward the windows. The carpet was only remarkable for its harmony with the situation, being simply an ordinary Brussells, with a ground matching the wall-paper tint, and so clearly covered with small spring flowers that the effect was almost *chene*. A dark blue border and one or two roses relieved the eyes and prevented a garish appearance. The doors and window frames were fortunately of ash, and so in thorough accord with the predominant tint of the room, which was blue. The window curtains were models of dainty simplicity. They were made of cottage drapery, a figured Swiss muslin, rather thicker than the dress material of that name, and woven with a border on one selvedge, which repeated the center pattern; in this case the figure was a daisy the size of a dime, with a line of the same flowers twice the size between two stripes, for a border. The novelty about the curtains was an addition made by cutting two horizontal slits, two inches long, across the border, between the stripes, at intervals of six inches apart, and buttonholing the edges loosely, making a succession of bias, in and out of which was slipped a blue ribbon two inches broad. Bands and bows of the same ribbons were used for looping the curtains back. The furniture was of bamboo, and all of the pieces were of smaller size than the same articles in ordinary rooms, yet not sufficiently dwarfed to be useless. A miniature lounge and two easy chairs were covered with buff and blue cretonne, and blue ribbon bows were tied upon the upper corners of the graceful little cane-seat chairs. The small bed was low, with an airy extension of bamboo rods at the head springing up to hold a large ring, through which a curtain of Swiss muslin, like those at the windows, was drawn. A folding bamboo screen in front of the mantel had two panels of cream and two of blue sateen The former were decorated with snow-balls and *bluets* in arrasene embroidery, the latter with daisies in ribbon work. The armoire and chiffonier were a third smaller than good-sized furniture, and the dressing bureau was of similar dimensions. And the dainty toilet appointments of the latter were decorated with blue and the frame of the long dressing-glass was covered with a full ruche of blue silk. Some choice engravings and colored photographs representing phases of childhood and girlhood were hung upon the walls by blue cords and tassels, and the small book-shelves were filled with such books as young people enjoy. In deference to the newly awakened fears of even the best plumbing in sleeping-rooms, there was no stationary basin, but a wash-stand, *en rapport* with the other furniture, held a quaintly modeled antique toilet set with a dado design of water plants upon cream color, with swallows above on a sky-blue ground. Replacing the door of a large closet was a portiere of Swiss muslin, which being drawn revealed a play-house on a scale so expansive and complete that it might be questioned whether dolls or their owners were most charmingly lodged. The happy little proprietor of room and annex, on returning from the country, where she had been sent while the surprise was prepared for her, says that half of the first night she spent in her pretty new bed was passed in congratulating herself on her new possessions and the rest in gazing entranced into the fairy-like precincts of the play-house, which was illuminated by a tiny chandelier fed by real gas.—*Decorator and Furnisher.*

"Nagging Children."

A writer in the New York *Tribune* offers good, sensible words upon the subject of "nagging" children. The term nagging, according to one of our literary authorities means "not scolding, reproof, or outright punishment, but being always at a child"—finding continual fault with him about little things. It is not always easy for us to distinguish between what is essential and what is an accident of development in our children. For the former we must have long, patient, and judicious training, reaching from infancy to maturity, slowly weeding out elements that are noxious, and as slowly incorporating those that are wanting, just as we graft pears upon quince roots, or apples on the thorn tree. For the accidental qualities, we have only to wait their outgrowth. Yet these qualities, mainly, and not the essential ones, provoke "nagging," of which mothers far more than fathers are apt to be guilty. At one time in the life of a boy, and this applies to girls as well, he delights to get into the ink. Look out, then, for stains on the carpet, scribblings in your choicest books, and blotches on handkerchiefs, aprons, dresses, and table covers; they are as certain to come as March winds, and almost as trying; but they go of themselves, and "nagging" neither hastens nor delays their departure. Dancing a chair about on one leg while sitting is another stage that nervous children have to go through, and it lasts till they grow into easy self-confidence. Though excruciating to the susceptible looker-on, patience is the only remedy. Mild expostulation and pleasant ridicule may hasten the progress of the disorder to a happy termination, but it will cure itself in time. Slamming doors and leaving them open, mark another regular stage in the growth of every boy. Life is too short in the juvenile estimation to shut them quietly, perhaps to shut them at all; and about this time, all along before and after, he has too much on hand to stop and wipe his shoes when he comes in from the muddy street. What matters a little mud? As he sits by the stove, warming his feet and leaving traces of their presence, what more natural than that he should whistle or sing a comic song or psalm tune comically? He doesn't mean anything wrong by it. The boy nature, exuberant, effervescent, overflowing, must work itself off in some manner or dangerous consequences will ensue, the very worst of which would be ill-nature resulting from suppression. "Nagging" does no good at all; it only makes matters worse. Coeval with muddy feet and slamming doors are images in pencil on the house, finger marks on the windows, especially of a frosty morning when they are so tempting as tablets, trials of the new jack knife on the dining-table or the pillars of the front porch, marginal readings on spellers and arithmetics in hieroglyphics that not even Champollion could have deciphered; the boy's name in unformed chirography scrawled in chalk or pencil everywhere—on the coal bin, the barn door, the parlor window sill, the walls of his sleeping room; all these testify to the presence of the boy in the house. Can he help it? Are such things to be allowed? By no means; they are to be borne with, kindly rebuked, perhaps, and the activity that engenders them turned into a channel large enough and attractive enough to absorb it all. A damp cloth will remove the chalk and finger marks; erasive soap will take off the plumbago; tartaric acid, obliterate the ink spot; but what can eradicate from the child's character the effects of perpetual "nagging?" The time comes fast enough when there will be no little careless hand to make a "muss" on the clean table cloth, no tiny fingers to scatter things round, no clatter of childish feet on the stairway. Fresh paper may cover all the marks on the hard finish; paint may conceal the ambitious hand-writing on the woodwork; and those traces of boyish pranks that still remain the mother's eye and heart may cherish as sacred to the memory of the dead or the absent, as something she would not willingly be without. In a genial, wholesome, tolerant atmosphere, the boy and the girl will go through the various stages of growth from childhood to adult life, dropping what is in its nature juvenile, little by little, as naturally as the bean vine drops its seminal leaves; but the forbearance and loving patience of the wise father and judicious mother who under innumerable provocations refrained from "nagging," will not be forgotten.—*Christian at Work.*